

Bridgewater State University
Greg and Fay Wyatt Sculpture Garden
Poetry and Dance Inspired Bas Reliefs

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Lines Written in Early Spring
by William Wordsworth

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:--
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?





I cannot dance upon my Toes
by Emily Dickinson

I cannot dance upon my Toes —
No Man instructed me —
But oftentimes, among my mind,
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge —
Would put itself abroad
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe —
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze —
No Ringlet, to my Hair,
Nor hopped to Audiences — like Birds,
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,
Nor rolled on wheels of snow
Till I was out of sight, in sound,
The House encore me so —

Nor any know I know the Art
I mention — easy — Here —
Nor any Placard boast me —
It's full as Opera —



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Michael Robartes and the Dancer
by William Butler Yeats

He. Opinion is not worth a rush;
In this altar-piece the knight,
Who grips his long spear so to push
That dragon through the fading light,
Loved the lady; and it's plain
The half-dead dragon was her thought,
That every morning rose again
And dug its claws and shrieked and fought.
Could the impossible come to pass
She would have time to turn her eyes,
Her lover thought, upon the glass
And on the instant would grow wise.

She. You mean they argued.

He. Put it so;
But bear in mind your lover's wage
Is what your looking-glass can show,
And that he will turn green with rage
At all that is not pictured there.

She. May I not put myself to college?

He. Go pluck Athene by the hair;
For what mere book can grant a knowledge
With an impassioned gravity
Appropriate to that beating breast,
That vigorous thigh, that dreaming eye?
And may the Devil take the rest.

She. And must no beautiful woman be
Learned like a man?

He. Paul Veronese
And all his sacred company
Imagined bodies all their days
By the lagoon you love so much,
For proud, soft, ceremonious proof
That all must come to sight and touch;
While Michael Angelo's Sistine roof,
His "Morning" and his "Night" disclose
How sinew that has been pulled tight,
Or it may be loosened in repose,
Can rule by supernatural right
Yet be but sinew.

She. I have heard said
There is great danger in the body.

He. Did God in portioning wine and bread
Give man His thought or His mere body?

She. My wretched dragon is perplexed.
Hec. I have principles to prove me right.
It follows from this Latin text
That blest souls are not composite,
And that all beautiful women may
Live in uncomposite blessedness,
And lead us to the like - if they
Will banish every thought, unless
The lineaments that please their view
When the long looking-glass is full,
Even from the foot-sole think it too.

She. They say such different things at
school



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The Plea of the Simla Dancers by
Rudyard Kipling

Too late, alas! the song
To remedy the wrong; --
The rooms are taken from us, swept and
garnished for their fate.
But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it --
too late, alas! too late!

"What have we ever done to bear this
grudge?"
Was there no room save only in Benmore
For docket, duftar, and for office drudge,
That you usurp our smoothest dancing
floor?
Must babus do their work on polished teak?
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?
Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
You might have left them all at Strawberry
Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;
And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.
To-night, the moon that watched our
lightsome wiles --
That beamed upon us through the deodars --
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights --
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet --
Nay! by the glamour of foredone delights --
By all things merry, musical, and meet --
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling
eyes --
By wailing waltz -- by reckless gallop's
strain --
By dim verandas and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or -- hearken to the curse we lay on you!
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your
brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue
Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in
vain;
And when you count your poor Provincial
millions,
The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "See Saw" shall upset your estimates,
"Dream Faces" shall your heavy heads
bemuse,
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandas, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment
--
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories
stand,
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish
nought,
And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.
Wherefore -- and ere this awful curse he
spoken,
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
And give -- ere dancing cease and hearts be
broken --
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!



MREG WYATT
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Spanish Dancer by Rainer Maria Rilke

As in one's hand a lighted match blinds you before
it comes aflame and sends out brilliant flickering
tongues to every side -- so, within the ring of the
spectators, her dance begins in hasty, heated rhythms
and spreads itself darting flames around.

And suddenly the dance is altogether flame!

With a fierce glance she sets her hair alight.
Unexpectedly she turns with daring artfulness
the swirling flounces of her dress within this
conflagration, out of which her upheld naked arms,
clapping the castanets, appear like serpents striking.

And then, afraid her fire were diminishing,
she gathers it all up and flings it down
with an imperious haughty gesture, and watches
as it lies there writhing on the ground, unyielding
and unwilling to concede the dance has ended.
Yet she show victory in her sweet swift smile
as she lifts up her face, while with her small firm feet
she stamps out the last of the dying embers.





Vaudeville Dancer by Carl Sandburg

ELSIE FLIMMERWON, you got a job now with
a jazz outfit in vaudeville.

The houses go wild when you finish the act shimmying
a fast shimmy to The Livery Stable Blues.

It is long ago, Elsie Flimmerwon, I saw your mother
over a washtub in a grape arbor when your father
came with the locomotor ataxia shuffle.

It is long ago, Elsie, and now they spell your name
with an electric sign.

Then you were a little thing in checked gingham
and your mother wiped your nose and said:
You little fool, keep off the streets.

Now you are a big girl at last and streetfuls
of people read your name and a line of people
shaped like a letter S stand at the box office
hoping to see you shimmy.





Dance of the Marionette
by Raymond A. Foss

He rose to speak of not one
but the dance of two kings
two men of different moment
different weight in the eyes, the memory of God

one danced at the sense of joy
the feeling of wonder, happiness
in the presence of the creator, protector of his
people

the other, danced the dance
of a marionette
with a few too many masters
and tangled string
dancing to someone else's tune
knowing the at some level the fate
he would bear for the choice
to dance

a pawn on the larger stage
and in his home

a king in name
but not in reality
pushed by masters
to follow their lead
not his own heart
knowing the wrong
he committed

Juxtaposed, these kings
the anointed boy, a new shepherd
and the jaundiced puppet
playing their parts
dancing it would seem
to very different tunes



Crazy Jane Grown Old Looks at the Dancers
by William Butler Yeats

I found that ivory image there
Dancing with her chosen youth,
But when he wound her coal-black hair
As though to strangle her, no scream
Or bodily movement did I dare,
Eyes under eyelids did so gleam;
Love is like the lion's tooth.

When She, and though some said she played
I said that she had danced heart's truth,
Drew a knife to strike him dead,
I could but leave him to his fate;
For no matter what is said
They had all that had their hate;
Love is like the lion's tooth.

Did he die or did she die?
Seemed to die or died they both?
God be with the times when I
Cared not a thraneen for what chanced
So that I had the limbs to try
Such a dance as there was danced -
Love is like the lion's tooth.



GREGORY
© 1991



The Night Dance by Thomas Moore

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then, sound notes -- the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heaven look'd brightest
Again! Again!
Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us --
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, listening to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain! -- to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding --
Again! Again!
Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together.



BRONZE
SCULPTURE
BY [unreadable]



Owen Aherne and his Dancers by William Butler Yeats

I

A strange thing surely that my Heart,
when love had come unsought
Upon the Norman upland or in that poplar shade,
Should find no burden but itself
and yet should be worn out.
It could not bear that burden and therefore it went mad.

The south wind brought it longing, and the east wind despair,
The west wind made it pitiful, and the north wind afraid.
It feared to give its love a hurt with all the tempest there;
It feared the hurt that she could give and therefore it went mad.

I can exchange opinion with any neighbouring mind,
I have as healthy flesh and blood as any rhymer's had,
But O! my Heart could bear no more
when the upland caught the wind;
I ran, I ran, from my love's side
because my Heart went mad.

II

The Heart behind its rib laughed out.
'You have called me mad,' it said,
'Because I made you turn away and run from that young child;
How could she mate with fifty years that was so wildly bred?
Let the cage bird and the cage bird mate
and the wild bird mate in the wild.'

'You but imagine lies all day, O murderer,' I replied.
'And all those lies have but one end, poor wretches to betray;
I did not find in any cage the woman at my side.
O but her heart would break to learn my thoughts are far away.'

'Speak all your mind,' my Heart sang out,
'speak all your mind; who cares,
Now that your tongue cannot persuade the child till she mistake
Her childish gratitude for love and match your fifty years?
O let her choose a young man now and all for his wild sake.'



Eric Byrt
©



***Dancer* by Carl Sandburg**

THE LADY in red, she in the chile con carne red,
Brilliant as the shine of a pepper crimson in the
summer sun,
She behind a false-face, the much sought-after
dancer, the
most sought-after dancer of all in this
masquerade,
The lady in red sox and red hat, ankles of willow,
crimson arrow amidst the Spanish clashes of
music,

I sit in a corner
watching her dance first with one man
and then another.





Javanese Dancers by Arthur Symons

Twitched strings, the clang of metal, beaten drums,
Dull, shrill, continuous, disquieting:
And now the stealthy dancer comes
Undulantly with cat-like steps that cling;

Smiling between her painted lids a smile,
Motionless, unintelligible, she twines
Her fingers into mazy lines,
The scarves across her fingers twine the while.

One, two, three, four glide forth, and, to and fro,
Delicately and imperceptibly,
Now swaying gently in a row,
Now interthreading slow and rhythmically,

Still, with fixed eyes, monotonously still,
Mysteriously, with smiles inanimate,
With lingering feet that undulate,
With sinuous fingers, spectral hands that thrill

In measure while the gnats of music whirr,
The little amber-coloured dancers move,
Like painted idols seen to stir
By the idolators in a magic grove.





The Fairies Break Their Dances
by A. E. Housman

The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay.





***The Dance* by William Carlos Williams**

In Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess,
the dancers go round, they go round and
around, the squeal and the blare and the
tweedle of bagpipes, a bugle and fiddles
tipping their bellies (round as the thick-
sided glasses whose wash they impound)
their hips and their bellies off balance
to turn them. Kicking and rolling
about the Fair Grounds, swinging their butts, those
shanks must be sound to bear up under such
rollicking measures, prance as they dance
in Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess.

Reciprocal Invitation to the Dance
by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

THE INDIFFERENT.

COME to the dance with me, come with me,
fair one!

Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.
If thou my sweetheart art not, thou canst be so,

But if thou wilt not, we still will dance on.
Come to the dance with me, come with me, fair
one!

Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.

THE TENDER.

Loved one, without thee, what then would all
feast be?

Sweet one, without thee, what then were the
dance?
If thou my sweetheart wert not, I would dance
not.

If thou art still so, all life is one feast.
Loved one, without thee, what then would all
feasts be?

Sweet one, without thee, what then were the
dance?

THE INDIFFERENT.

Let them but love, then, and leave us the
dancing!

Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.
Let us whirl round in the waltz's gay measure,

And let them steal to the dim-lighted wood.
Let them but love, then, and leave us the
dancing!

Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

THE TENDER.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to
wander!

Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.
Cupid, the near one, o'erhears their deriding,

Vengeance takes suddenly, vengeance takes
soon.
Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to
wander!

Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.

1789.*

